

Mike can't know by Ned1983

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Summary: She is Mike's girlfriend. She is Will's newly adopted sister. So how is it El is falling asleep naked in Will's arms? A simple question leads to new exploration for Will and El. Rated M, Smut warning. Don't like, don't read.

Mike can't know

Will wasn't quite sure how he had gotten himself into this mess, all he knew was that Mike could never find out. El was Mike's girlfriend, and she was Will's adopted sister as well. So how was she naked in his bed, falling asleep in his arms? He had only been trying to help answer her questions.

It had all started innocently enough, right after they left Hawkins. She'd been through Hell, and was still coming to terms with everything that had happened and everything she had lost. Many nights she either couldn't sleep, or was awoken by fresh nightmares and needed someone to curl up with until she could calm herself down. Before the move, she had sought out the comfort of Joyce's bed when she just needed someone to hold her. Now that their mom was regularly working late shifts at the diner, El was finding her way to Will's bed more often.

He didn't mind, of course. He knew what she had been through, and it was entirely innocent. She would softly tap at his door, he'd invite her in and she'd curl up in his warm embrace and stay there until she was feeling better. Most nights she would move back to her own bed after a while, but once or twice Joyce had found them like that the next morning. They talked about it and agreed that, while a little unconventional given their age, it was probably harmless as long as they were both comfortable with it. Even Mike knew, and while he wished he could be the one to comfort her in the night, he was glad she wasn't alone and was fine with the arrangement.

Everything changed the night Will got a little too careless. Joyce and Jonathan were both working late and El had gone to bed earlier while Will finished up some homework. As he closed his textbook, his mind was demanding sleep while still buzzing around, and he knew what would take care of that. Walking down the hall toward his room, Will paused outside El's door, trying to gauge if she was asleep or not. In the still house, he could hear the gentle in and out of her breathing. Confident she was asleep, and less likely to be paying him a visit, Will quietly slipped into his room and into bed.

After peeling off his t-shirt, Will settled back against his pillows and

slipped a hand down the front of his boxers. Fingers wrapping around his rapidly stiffening cock, his mind began to flash through some of his favorite inspirations: that shy girl from his science class, Emily, the senior cheerleader he got paired with in math, for a brief moment, even Max flashed into his mind. As much as he tried to fight it, his mind fell back to where it always seemed to go these days, and landed on El. He knew it wasn't right, but he couldn't deny he was attracted to her. Living in close quarters as they did, he had occasionally seen her in more revealing moments. Twice now, they'd passed in the hallway as she headed to her room after a shower, body concealed by a towel that barely covered from chest to thighs. Nothing would ever come of it, but he didn't think there was any harm in picturing her.

Kicking back the covers, Will pulled his cock free of his boxers. His hand was working quickly, stroking his shaft to what could have been a rapid conclusion if he wasn't careful. Forcing himself to slow down, he ran back through a favorite fantasy. El would be walking back from the shower. They would bump shoulders as he passed. The towel would fall free. His hand worked faster again. What would she look like, exposed and bare? Would she be embarrassed, or glad he saw her? Would she want to see him? Fingers stroking quickly, precum leaking from the head of his cock, Will pictured her stepping forward to him. She would wrap her arms around him, her soft, damp skin enfolding him. She would lean in, her lips inching closer to his own.

"Will?" El whispered, knocking at the door as she pushed it open. "Can I sleep with you?"

Will's eyes snapped open, realizing the voice wasn't a fantasy in his head. El was standing in his doorway, the sleepy, confused look on her face that usually came from fresh nightmares. In the dim light of the room, he couldn't tell just what she could see as he quickly stuffed his cock back into his shorts.

"Sure, El," Will agreed softly, praying she hadn't seen what he was doing.

With a grateful thanks, El climbed into Will's bed as he arranged the covers over both of them. Settling on her side, her back to Will, El

waited as he scooted closer and wrapped an arm around her stomach, sliding the other under her pillow. She liked to be held like this, there was comfort in feeling like she wasn't alone. As she snuggled herself close in Will's embrace, she was unaware of the turmoil running through his mind.

Doing his best to keep his hips back, Will begged his stiff cock to soften again. He had been so close when she came in, and now he was chastising himself for being so careless. If she told Joyce, or started asking questions; no, he didn't want to think about that right now. Right now, his sister needed her brother's help to calm down after a nightmare. Putting it in those terms in his mind, he mercifully began to go limp again and soon both were sleeping.

All the next day, Will lived with the constant fear that she would bring it up, either to him or their mom. Instead, the day passed like any other: he went to school, El stayed home and worked through her home-school texts with Joyce. When he came home, nothing was out of the ordinary. Jonathan got an early dinner on the table then he and Joyce went off to work. El put on some music and read, Will did homework, and the evening passed like normal; he decided he was in the clear after all.

They said goodnight in the hallway and went to their separate rooms. As much as he wanted to continue what he had started the night before, he knew the risk was just too great. Sure enough, ten minutes later El was at his door asking if she could lay down with him again. He was proud of himself for guessing right, though he worried for just how much she was starting to rely on sleeping with him at night. As he lay on his back, El curled up to his side, her head on his shoulder.

"Thank you," she whispered into the dim room.

"Any time, El," he returned, giving her shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

They lay in silence for a few minutes, Will almost drifting off when El finally asked the question she had been dancing around all day.

"What were you doing?" she asked sheepishly, "Last night, when I came in."

Will froze, realizing she had seen after all. While his room was dark, there was a dim glow that made it through the window from the streetlamp outside.

"I'm sorry, El," Will quickly apologized. "I was careless and you shouldn't have seen that."

"But what were you doing?" she asked, still confused.

Will realized he was stuck. He didn't want to be the one to explain this to her, but he also didn't want her ask Joyce. She would ask where the questions came from, and the last thing he wanted was for his mom to know he jerks off. He knew El had received a basic sex-talk, and knew the differences between boys and girls, so he swallowed hard and decided to just go for it.

"I was masturbating," Will admitted, thankful the dark hid the blush rising to his face.

"Mast-tur...?" El said, trying to sound back the new word.

"Masturbating," Will repeated. "Jerking-off. I was touching myself, to make myself feel good."

"Oh," she said, chewing over the thought. "How?"

He was digging himself in deeper and didn't know how to get out.

"When a guy thinks about sex things, his penis gets hard, and then if he rubs it for a while he gets a really good feeling. I do it sometimes because it helps me relax, to get to sleep. But again, I'm really sorry you saw that. It is supposed to be something people do in private, and they don't really talk about it."

El thought for a minute, mulling it over in her mind. She had more questions, but was still trying to sort them out.

"I won't tell," she reassured. "Sorry I came in without waiting for you to tell me it was okay."

"It's alright El, I know it was an accident. And thank you for saying you won't tell."

He gave her another gentle hug with his arm and she settled closer to his side. Soon she drifted off, and Will breathed a sigh of relief; maybe now that she understood, this would be the end of it. Instead, the next night, she was right back in his bed, curled up to his side. This time she hadn't even bothered going to her own room first, to try and sleep. She still had questions, confused about just what Will had been doing. She had only ever seen one penis in her life - Mike's, one time when she found him with her mind and he happened to be in the shower - and she couldn't picture what that appendage would look like hard, and how that would help you sleep.

"Could you show me?" El asked softly, Will spooned up to her back.

"Show you?" he asked, confused.

"Masturbating. Jerk off," she clarified. "I don't get how it works."

Shit, Will thought as he pulled away from her. This was getting a lot more serious and he wasn't sure he could cross that line. Feeling him pull back, El was suddenly worried she had messed up and he was going to send her away; he had said it was something you didn't talk about, but she just wanted to understand.

"El, I really don't think that's a good idea. It's one thing to tell you about it, but a lot bigger deal if I were to show you."

"Okay," El whispered, a sniffle in her voice as she realized she had once again crossed one of those social lines everyone but her seemed to know about.

Will could hear it in her voice too, and wanted to reassure her.

"El, its okay," he said, scooting closer and pulling her into a hug. "Really, it is."

"I'm sorry," she said, feeling a little better, "I just want to understand. I hate never understanding things."

Will could empathize; he understood how much of the world she had missed out on. He also couldn't deny the idea was starting to sink in as not being so bad. It had now been two nights since she had spotted him, and he hadn't gathered the courage to finish what he started;

the pressure in his mind was starting to build up.

"Mike could never know," Will said, the words out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

"What?" she asked, confused as to what he meant.

"I mean, it's a sex thing, and that is normally between people in a relationship. Mike would probably be pretty mad if he found out I showed you; Hell, he might be furious about me even explaining what I have. So, if I were to show you, Mike could never know."

El was honest to a fault, and he thought just maybe this would put her off the whole idea.

"I won't tell Mike. I won't tell anyone," El agreed, shocking Will. "Can you show me?"

Against his better judgement, Will nodded his head in agreement. While El reached over to switch on his bedside lamp, Will pulled the sheets off their bodies. El turned back, taking in the sight of Will. His tight stomach was topped with just a few initial dark hairs, leading down from his navel and disappearing beneath the waistband of his dark-green, plaid boxers.

"Are you sure?" Will asked, as he grabbed the top of his underwear.

"Yes," El nodded.

With a deep breath, and wondering why he wasn't feeling more shy about this, Will lifted his butt off the bed and slid down his shorts. His cock, already half-hard and adorned with a dark patch of hair at the base, came into view and El gasped. Sitting up and settling cross-legged near his stomach, El watched as the shaft continued to harden and extend until it settled at a full 5 inches. She couldn't help but wonder how big Mike's got, but decided for the moment she didn't want to think about him.

"Now what?" she asked, looking back up at Will's face.

"Now, I just wrap my fingers around it like this," he said, demonstrating his preferred grip, "and I stroke it like this."

El watched, fascinated, as his hand worked over the length of his cock. Soft skin impossibly stretched up over the head on each stroke, then came back shiny and slick as he was soon leaking precum. She looked up at his face and saw he was watching her and the thought brought a blushing smile to her cheeks. As she turned back to watch what he was doing down below, El laid down again, her head resting on Will's chest, one hand on his stomach. She could feel the quick rise and fall of his breath. He rested a hand on her back as he worked, his fingers playing absently with her hair.

Will couldn't quite believe what was happening. The girl he had silently fantasized about only two nights before was now in his bed, curled up in his arms while he jerked off. He was certain it had to be some kind of dream, and any second now he was going to wake up with a sticky mess in his boxers. He was getting close, unable to hold back with the added stimulation of the situation, and realized he hadn't warned El about how the process ends; currently she was in the line of fire.

"El," he breathed, "I'm almost there. Scoot back."

She lifted her head and leaned back, assisted by his hand tugging at her shoulder. Will's breath got shallow and his whole body tensed. Unable to control himself any longer, Will came harder than he ever had before. With a breath caught in his throat and his back arching, Will shot off one jet of cum after another. The first sticky blob hit him right in the chin, two more hitting his chest and a fourth streaking his stomach. He was relieved he had gotten El out of the way in time, knowing that painting her face with his cum would have ruined whatever this moment was they were sharing.

El stared, wide-eyed as the scene unfolded in front of her. She had no idea if that was supposed to happen, and she looked to Will for reassurance. The smile on his face put her fears to rest, and she watched as shots of thick, white goo came out of his cock and landed across his body. Reaching out, El touched her finger to one puddle of the stuff on his chest; it was warm, slimy and just a little sticky. She had some idea, from her talk with Joyce, about what the stuff was. She would ask Will about it later, but for now she didn't want to interrupt Will as his breathing slowed and his eyes slowly opened again.

He blushed hard as their eyes met, and he cleared his throat.

"And...that's how it works," he mumbled out, a little embarrassed now that the moment had passed.

He could see there was no judgement on El's face, only grateful appreciation that he had actually shown her. After cleaning himself up with a discarded t-shirt and turning out the light, Will laid back down and El curled up to his side the same way she always did.

"Thank you. For showing me," El said.

"You're welcome, El." Will said sleepily.

He hoped, just maybe, she finally had her answers and this would be the end of it. He couldn't have been more wrong. The next day, nothing seemed to be any different between them. That night, Joyce had the evening off from work. El still found her way to Will's bed in the middle of the night, a bad dream interrupting her sleep, but she curled up with him the way things had always been before. The next night, with the house empty again, El came to him shortly after they went to bed. He stirred restlessly, unable to get comfortable with El in his arms for some reason.

"You can, if you need to," she offered.

"Can, what?" he asked, not sure what she meant.

"Masturbating. If you need to," she offered again. "You said it helps you sleep."

Will lay there, wide-eyed in the dark, not sure what he should do. He knew the right thing would be to say no, that this was different than trying to answer her questions. On the other hand, if she was offering, was it really hurting anything?

"Are you sure?" Will asked.

"Mm-hmm," El nodded against his shoulder.

Deciding he might as well, a stiffening cock already clouding his judgement, Will pulled back the sheets and slipped a hand into his

boxers. Freeing his shaft and wrapping his fingers around it, Will began to stroke himself while El laid with her head on his shoulder, one hand resting on his chest. The intimate closeness, combined with how wrong it probably was, brought him around to a quick finish; not as spectacular as his first with her, but still just what he needed. He cleaned himself up quickly and slipped himself back under the waistband of his boxers.

"Better?" El asked, sleepily.

"Umm...yeah. Thanks El."

She smiled and settled in closer at his side, both soon asleep. And just like that, their new routine settled in. On nights when she came to curl up, she would ask if he needed to masturbate. Most of the time, he said yes. There was something special about doing it with El there, and she liked that it helped him out as well. In a way, El felt like it helped to thank him for taking care of her when she couldn't sleep. At first, they restricted it to nights when they were home alone. Soon enough, though, they grew more bold and sometimes did it with Jonathan or Joyce asleep elsewhere in the house. They hadn't talked about it, but El knew they would both be in trouble, probably Will more so, if anyone found out and she didn't want that to happen to him.

Thanksgiving came and went. Mike was there for the holiday, and though Will was on edge that their nighttime activities might come up, El kept her promise. Things between the three of them were just fine, though Will had to admit he felt just the slightest jealousy that Mike and El could be so openly affectionate. He knew El loved Mike, and what she had with Will was just a thing they did for comfort, but it left him longing for a girlfriend of his own.

It took a few days for her to return to Will's bed after the holiday weekend, Mike's lingering presence having their usual calming effect over her nightmares. But she came back to Will when the darkness crept back into her mind. One night, after Will had taken up her usual offer, El couldn't get comfortable. After tossing and turning, she tried moving back to her own bed. That didn't work any better and she came back to Will.

"What's wrong," Will asked as they lay there in the dark, concerned that her mind was so uneasy.

"I wish I had a penis," she said in frustration.

"What?" he asked, confused and stifling a laugh.

"If I had a penis, I could masturbate like you. Then maybe I could sleep," she explained.

The realization hit Will all at once; in explaining masturbation, he had told and shown her all about how *boys* do it. He had neglected to explain, what little he knew of it, that it was an option available to her as well.

"Girls can do it, too." Will said, slowly.

El stared at him in puzzlement. "How?"

She didn't understand how it could work for her, without a penis to stroke, but she was also desperate for anything that might help. Will described, as he understood it, the things girls could do. She listened carefully, picturing the things he explained. It kind of made sense, but she wasn't sure. Since they were the only ones home, she decided to be bold.

"Can you show me?" she asked. "Mike won't know."

"I don't know El, that's a pretty big..." Will began before El cut him off.

"Please Will. I don't understand and I need your help. Please?"

He couldn't really deny her at that point. After all, she had been letting him do it nearly every night they were together. With a resigned sigh, he sat up and switched on the bedside lamp.

"Okay, so where do we start?" El asked, her innocence almost giving Will second thoughts.

"Umm...I guess, your shorts?" Will began. "I mean, only if you're comfortable with it. I can try to talk you through with them on, but it

will be easier to point."

Without a second thought, El reached down and grabbed the hem of her sleep shorts, pushing them down her legs and peeling them off. Will gaped at her light-yellow panties, barely concealing her pussy beneath. In another swift motion, she grabbed those too, sliding them down and off, laying her pussy bare before his eyes. A few sparse hairs dotted two velvety lips - the first he had ever seen in person.

"What now?" El asked, eagerly.

"Now, it's about finding what feels best for you." he said.

Doing his best to ignore the stiff, throbbing cock in his boxers, Will sat cross-legged by El's waist, pointing and guiding, helping her find the important points. She tried gently stroking her fingers along the length of her slit, eliciting shivery chills that ran down her back. She tried inserting a finger into her tight vagina, the feeling a little unusual at first until she started slowly plunging it in and out, the tunnel moistening on each pass.

By far the best, she found, was working her fingers over her sensitive clit. She tried different speeds, different pressures, different motions, but soon found what she liked best. With a finger from her left hand working in and out of her tight hole, and her right hand swiftly teasing her sensitive nub, El felt a pleasurable pressure beginning to build in her stomach. She cursed the fact that she hadn't figured this out before.

The pressure was building and suddenly El got worried. She felt like she was going to pee, or die, or explode, or maybe all those things at once. Her breath was coming shallow, and whatever was going to happen was about to happen.

"Will? What's happening, Will?" she asked.

He could see the mix of pleasure and panic in her eyes, and he laid a reassuring hand on her arm.

"It's okay, El. You're okay. Just let it come."

El looked up into Will's kind, protective eyes. She bit her lip and

nodded, fingers flying around her clit, another plunging furiously into her soaked pussy. Her breath caught and her whole body went stiff.

"Will!" she cried out as her body went crazy.

Her very first orgasm tore through El and she never wanted it to stop. She felt electric, practically rising off the bed as she continued to play with her drenched pussy. When her eyes finally pulled back into focus, she found Will's smiling face and she couldn't help but grin.

"That was..." she panted, stopping when she realized she didn't even have a word for how that felt.

"I know," Will agreed. "Think you can sleep now?"

"Yes," El giggled, reaching down to pull her panties and shorts back on, wiping off her fingers onto her underwear as she did so.

"Thank you," El whispered, as they curled up together under the blankets again, the light turned out.

After a moment of hesitation, El leaned up and pressed a quick, soft kiss to Will's cheek before settling back, both of them quickly dozing off.

It was nearly a week before El found her way back to Will's bed. He assumed her newfound skill was helping her to cope with insomnia and nightmares. He found himself wondering if he should have just taught her that from the beginning and saved her a bunch of trouble, but the idea hadn't even crossed his mind at the time. While he would miss holding her in the night, and the added thrill that came from masturbating with her in his arms, he knew it was probably all for the best if things ended before they got any more serious.

Like always, she eventually found her way back to him. The nightmare that woke her was a bad one, and she jolted awake with a scream in her throat. Will came running, and they nearly collided in the hallway. He knew she rarely wanted to talk about what the dream had been and just needed to be held, so he wrapped her in his arms as they stood in the hall.

That night, he held her, no offers made or taken. The next night, she

came back to him at bedtime, afraid to be alone with her thoughts.

"Do you need to?" she asked, making the old offer once more.

He nodded sheepishly, not wanting to admit that he had missed it.

"Do you need to, also?" he asked, deciding to throw out an offer of his own, still not sure how he was suddenly so brave about all this.

El nodded and together they lowered their underwear and began the individual process of pleasuring themselves. El's head was on Will's left shoulder, his arm around her, fingers just inches from her breast. Together, they brought themselves to a peaceful, satisfying climax before redressing and drifting off to sleep.

A new routine formed after that night. Nights when they had the house all to themselves, which seemed to be most weeknights right now, they would go straight to Will's bed and, in silent agreement, undress and take care of their needs in each others arms. El found she liked teasing her nipples on occasion as well, so she usually removed her t-shirt, too. Will thought her small, pert breasts were absolutely perfect, and while it had been a genuine accident the first time he touched them, it soon became part of the routine that he would gently roll her nipple or softly squeeze a breast as they touched themselves.

Sometimes he would watch her hands, working away at her clit, while she watched him stroking his firm cock. Other times, and far more often, they would watch each other, their eyes locked as they brought themselves around. He learned the signs she was close, the short, quick breaths, the dreamy glaze in her eyes, the gentle way she chewed at her lip to keep from moaning.

It varied, who came first, but one orgasm always inspired the other. They would climax, breathing hard, fingers damp and sticky, bodies sweaty. Sometimes one would moan the others name, sometimes they were silent. As they would settle to sleep, El would plant a kiss to Will's cheek with a whispered "thank you."

They weren't sure just what all this meant, this routine they had fallen into. They both recognized there was a boundary they couldn't

cross, and hoped they hadn't already crossed too many smaller ones. El loved Mike, she wanted nothing more than to be with him. If they had to stop, for the sake of her relationship with him, she knew they would and that Will would understand. At some point, she knew, Will was going to get a girlfriend and that might also mean the end of their nightly sessions, and while she would miss it, she would also understand. During the day, in all other aspects of their life, things were the same as they had always been. This was just something they did at night, to help each other feel good, to comfort and relax.

They took another step forward just after New Years, an advance they hadn't expected. Joyce and El had walked Will to the bus one icy morning, and on the way back, El took a bad spill. The doctors at the ER said she was lucky, it was only a bad sprain and with a splint, her wrist would be feeling good again in a couple weeks.

The painkillers they sent her home with helped her to relax enough to sleep those first few nights. After that, the frustration from a lack of release started to get to her. She tried her best, but things just didn't seem to work right with only her left hand. El managed a mediocre orgasm that did little to help, but it was good enough. The next night, unable to take it any longer, she came to Will again, tapping at his door.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Is your wrist hurting? Do you need your pills?"

El shook her head sheepishly, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I can't use my right hand, and I just can't seem to get the rhythm down with my left."

A thought ran through Will's mind, and he pushed it away just as fast as he could. Then, El asked it for herself.

"Could you?" she began, hesitantly. "Could you do it for me?"

Will nodded, knowing she wouldn't ask if she wasn't desperate.

"Mike can't know," he said, throwing out their usual mantra.

It wasn't even necessary to say anymore, but they always agreed to it,

whenever things took a step forward. After helping her lay down on the bed, Will took hold of the hem of her shorts, sliding them carefully down her legs. He discovered, much to his delight, she hadn't even bothered with panties beneath.

Laying down at her side, and carefully positioning her arm where he wouldn't jostle it, Will looked up into El's eyes for confirmation that she wanted this. She gave him a gentle nod, desperate for relief and secretly excited at the idea of him doing it.

Reaching down, Will ran his fingers teasingly up El's thigh. The touch of his fingers were electric. He reached her pussy, moist heat radiating outward, and dipped a finger gently into her folds. El let out a shuddering moan as he reached her most delicate, sensitive places. He ran two fingers around her clit, stimulating the nub and quickening her breath.

She didn't want to admit it, but she had been wanting him to do this for a while now. So many nights, as she lay in his arms, she had thought how easy it would be to take hold of his hand and guide it down between her legs. Now she kicked herself for not doing it sooner. Her body was on fire as he fingered her, his hand suddenly dropping lower and a digit slipping inside. The thrill of it not being her own hand was almost too much.

With his middle finger working in and out of her tight vagina, Will applied a swirling pressure around her clit with his thumb. The sensation was all too much, and El came hard, her body shuddering and her breath coming in shallow gasps.

"Will," she moaned. "Don't stop. Keep going."

Happy to oblige, Will kept at it. He alternated fingers, first his index, then his middle, coating both in her slippery juices. He brought them up to her throbbing clit, swirling pressure over the nub and keeping her panting for more. He had a moment of indecision, which finger to slip back into her pussy for more and slid both, instead.

"Mmmmm," she gasped, feeling full. "That. More."

With two fingers buried deep inside her, and his thumb working over

her clit, El was quickly losing herself to the feelings building in her gut. Her body was alive like never before and her panting breaths carried Will's name. Unable to contain his own excitement, Will threw a leg over El's, pressing his stiff cock to her thigh. As he worked his hand over her pussy, bringing her as much pleasure as he possibly could, Will slowly flexed his own hips, rising and falling in time with El's, grinding his cock against her leg. She could feel him, knew what he was doing, and it turned her on even more.

"Take off your boxers," she ordered, knowing it just had to feel even better skin-to-skin.

Slipping his fingers out of her with a wet plop, he grabbed hold of his boxers and gave them a shove down. Slipping them off his feet, Will resumed his position, his cock now resting against the burning skin of her thigh.

"Better?" she asked with a smile.

Will nodded, and with a firm roll of his hips, buried his fingers deep in her cunt again. With her good hand, El slipped up under her shirt and sought out a nipple, rolling it firmly between her fingers. She let out a shuddering gasp and knew she wouldn't last long. She heard Will's breath quickening and could tell he was getting close as well, her leg getting slick with the fluids he was leaking.

"Will," she breathed. "Faster. Fingers, faster."

He complied and El let out a small whine. She was right there, she could feel the crest of the wave.

"Will. Will. Will." she chanted softly with each thrust of his fingers, matching time to the thrust of his hips and the rise of her own.

"Will. Will. Wiiiiiiiii," she moaned, rising almost to a scream as she crashed. Juices flowed from her pussy, hot and wet, coating Will's hand.

"El. El I'm..." Will cried out, bucking hard against her leg.

He came, too. Wave after wave of hot cum shot out, trapped between stomach and thigh, each new thrust lubricated by the last. They

continued to buck hard against one another, each riding out their orgasm to its blissful, panting finish.

He looked up into her eyes, their faces red and painted with bliss. It was normally her move, but he couldn't help it, leaning in and pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. As badly as she wanted to meet his lips with her own, she held back, returning a kiss to his cheek as well.

"Thank you," she whispered, in contented bliss.

El had been forming a set of lines in her mind, ones she wouldn't let herself cross, things that felt special and should only be shared with Mike. A kiss to the lips felt sacred and intimate and only for him. She knew real, actual sex was something she only wanted with him. While she didn't know what lay in between, she knew there was a wide chasm between that, and what she and Will were currently doing, and she wanted to explore that space.

"Is there anything else we can do?" El asked.